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Around the campfires of the last meeting of the G. A. R. at the national capital sat generals, colonels. majors, lieutenants, captains and private soldiers, whose war experiences thrilled many hearts and made the nights ring with shouts and laughter.

One evening Colonel Cooper of a New York regiment boasted of how he "won his wife near the capital in '65," and added, "She was 12 and I 80 !

"Who's going to believe such a varn as that, colonel?" "Solid truth, boys."

"Yes," put in Major Drake, "it is, and she was a reb too." "Yes," said the colonel, "a reb

the handsomest little rebel in Virginia." The colonel rubbed his hands together like a boy and laughed aloud at the very remembrance. "And if anybody doubts my word," he added,

and ask the madam herself." Major Johnson said, "Now, colonel, how could you, such a rampant Unionist, fall in love with a rebel?" The colonel laughed again. "Stockton himself could never invent such

a situation." This is the story, and it is principally of the pranks of two children. Notwithstanding the years of "spies," "secret service," "blockade running," "Moseby's guerillas," and all the terrors of war incident to the marching up and down of two armies, the old home of the rebel officer, Curtis, not far from the capital. stood safe.

Mrs. Curtis and two young children remained in the house all through the war, giving food and shelter to both armies alike as they passed through.

One day Mrs. Curtis was called away several miles to the home of a sick friend. Alexander, aged 14 and the man of the house during his father's absence, and Patty, aged 12, with the old servant, were left alone in charge of the place.

They were well used to "troops," to "raids" and to "warnings," and having suffered no great losses they had no great fears when word came to them a little after noon that the Federals "would raid the Curtis place that day and would take everything."

The two children sat down on the wide stone step by the carriage road. They thought of the cool springhouse with its delicious milk and butter, of the chickens they had tended, of the nice storeroom and of the little herd of Guernsey cows.

For an hour they sat there and talked. At last Patty jumped up. "It's time they were coming, if they are coming. You just run down toward the creek and see if you can see anything."

"Run down and see?" cried Aleck. "You must be crazy, Pat! Do you think I want to be gobbled right up by Yanks off there by myself? You are a goose for a major's own dangh-

Patty got up and shook her curly head and marched back and forth in the road. "I'd like to know if a major's son should be afraid of a few soldiers?" she said. "Haven't we plenty of Unions this year, and haven't they all treated us nice? I

rather like to see them myself." "Well, then, Miss Patty Curtis," retorted her brother, "suppose you march down to the creek then!" "Perhaps I will pretty soon. I'm not one bit afraid of General Grant himself. I'll tell you what I should do." Petty took hold of her pretty gingham dress skirt, gave it several graceful swings, pirouetting saucily along the drive.

"You can be polite to an army just as well as to anybody," said she. "Just let a great regiment come tramping up our road, with a general to the front, and I'd step out (another little toss of curls and switching of skirts) and say just pleasantly: 'Howdy, general? Won't you walk right in, you and your men (Aleck almost fell off from the step here) and have some of our nice cool spring water and some nice fried chicken and some nice"-

"Yes," laughed Aleck, "that would certainly save mother's house, Pat-

"It always has saved it," retorted Patty. "Politeness I mean. Just let me finish. The Union general would eat up everything he could get, of course, but after that he'd pass right on. That's what I shall do this afterwas short and stout and looked house or other! We are on the much younger than he was. Slim, tall Patty leaned confidingly against him as she pursued her plan "Of course they won't come, but mebbe en or chicken coop, can't you! Come, they will. You can see from the I say, what did we free you for! creek all ways for five miles, and Still no reply. then we should know and be ready. I'll tell you how you can do it, Aleck, and be safe. You know Aunt Jane is short and fat, like you, and always goes down every day after off his horse, and now he came up her tubs of water. Now, I'll dress you and laid his hand on the old womup in her clothes. You can carry a an's shoulder. "Look here, aunty, small washtub on your head just as he said kindly, "these men don't well as anybody, and then if you see want to harm you." soldiers coming you can come back and tell me." The armies didn't car of the firm hand on her shoulder the ry off colored people.

and off they ran together.

a jolly old soul, lent herself willing was walked out through the kitchen dusty road. door by Patty.

"Your own mother wouldn't know kees," said the genuine "Aunt Jane."

The short, stout colored woman in calico skirt and sack and the pink sunbonnet that the old house servwhen the sun was hot, with a washtub balanced well on her head, walked away briskly toward the creek. A breeze waved the cape of the bonnet, and the long steps switched she skirts a good deal, but "it was a very good Aunt Jane" indeed. Patty feltassured. She felt a little perturbed, however, as she left the disguised little fellow at the turn in the road and came back and climbed to the gatepost to watch

"just step into Willard's tomorrow him still further. The womanly little thing was in the habit of "keeping an eye" on the fat little elder brother

> The shadows grew very long, and the sun went down behind the manor house trees, and little Patty in a clean white gown and blue sash, her best yellow shoes and silk stockings, stood out at the big gate waiting the coming of her mother and perhaps of the Union army. She strained her eyes down the road for "Aunt Jane." She had not expected Aleck to be gone more than an hour at the most.

But nobody came. Supper was all laid in the cheery dining room, and she grew more and more anxious. She could not be certain that her mother would come at all that night, nor of the appearance of the soldiers, but the jolly little "Aunt Jane" was

certainly long overdue. "I am sorry I let Aleck go," she sighed repentantly. "I do wish I hadn't dressed him up. The soldiers may have come and taken him right away as a spy, especially as he is a rebel major's son, though I shouldn't think men would do any such crue! thing," and swallowing down a sob the major's daughter started out down the road bareheaded. He cer-

tainly would appear a spy, all dressed in women's clothes, and now as to the missing "Aunt Jane." She had stepped off quite lively, her washtub on her head, as she made her way to the creek. Once there, seeing nothing and having nothing, she sat down to rest a bit. She pushed off the "hateful old sunbonnet." stuck out her dusty shoes from under the "floppy old skirt" and said, not at all patiently: "Petti-coats! Oh, how I'd hate to be a girl!"

asleep under the old oak. Just at dark a strange tremor of her own fat little body, a strong sense of the stirring of the ground under him, woke "Aunt Jane." was sundown. The was a great clatter and tramping, and away up the east hill the flash of red sunset

light on metal trappings. "Jiminy!" the washerwoman exclaimed. "By cracky! Patty's Yank's

are here." Down went the small bucket into the creek, as fast as possible, until the tub was half filled, and then raising the burden to the sunbenneted head the poor little pseudo negro started off, trusting to the disguise

for safety. The water slopped over and ran down in small rivulets on "Aunt Jane's" back, but the sturdy little figure went along at a dog trot, giving just one slight jump as a man's voice called out:

"Hello, there, aunty!" Nobody replied.

"I say, aunty! What's your hur-

But the "aunty" plodded along, rather gaining on the pair of horsemen coming up behind her. The water was splashing wildly over the side of the tub, and the pink sunbonnet was a drip, but nothing at all to the wet state of the perspiring face

And now the whole air was full of clatter and clank, and then there was a great flashing of gilt right in front of poor "Aunt Jane's" eyes. Cavalry to the right of her and cav-

alry to the left of her! "I say, old woman, what is your rush? Can't you stop long enough point of starvation. Where does your master live? We don't want to hurt you. Just lead us to a kitch-

"Boys, she's deaf and dumb prob-Leave her to me," said anably.

other voice. The colonel of the regiment jumped

Poor "Aunt Jane!" With the touch tub wobbled and shook convulsively; Aleck thought this would be a the pink sunicanet trembled as if in mighty fine plan for an adventure, a gale; the brown hair under the If the roof of the Curtis manor the tub. Splash went the water all

not have been more noise, and Jane, Jane" took to her heels like lightning. ly to "little m sy's fun." Prancing, both hands up to her waist and in skipping, running, they all fled back one minute was out of sight. The Harry Furniss. Indeed I once heard and forth from Aunt Jane's quar horses jumped. Shrieks and yells of an old lady who bought some on ters to Patty's own room for the of laughter went up from a dozen proper disguises, and there were men. The tub went spinning round shouts of laughter and screams of and round at their horses' feet, and delight as the "double" of Aunt Jane the water ran serenely down the

The colonel wiped off the water and remounted his horse. "Thayou for a boy, much less the Yan- boy must be looked after," said he 'He has a future.'

They kept on slowly, and soon the great Curtis manor came in sight The long avenue of trees looked coo ant habitually wore over her turban and refreshing to the heated men The colonel rode out little ahead and led the way toward the mansion.

"Howdy! Howdy, sir?" A sweet, clear voice just in front of him halted the officer. Looking down he saw a slim, fair little girl standing before his horse. Her bright curls tossed and tumbled and shone like a cap of gold on her head. The fearless, daring innocence of her blue eyes brought him to a full stop, and he halted the troop by a wave of his hand.

As he reined in he touched his hat. "And 'howdy' to you, little miss. I am very glad to see you. Where are you going bareheaded?" "Nowhere, sir. I live right up

there in that house. Won't you stop and come in?" "But you were going the other way, away from the house," said the

"Yes, sir, I was going down toward the creek." Patty was dying to ask if the troop had met a little,

fat colored woman. "Do you mean the stream about a mile from here, my little girl?" and in spite of himself the officer laughed as he spoke.

Patty suspected at once. She felt cold chills of mingled fear and mortification creep over her. And the officer who had ridden up spoke just here, "Do your servants go down there to wash?"

At this Patty's small head was sore perplexed. She was not quite certain what answer it was best to make. She colored, gazed at the speaker, and then tears welled up into her eyes.

The colonel frowned at the officer, sprang from his horse, threw the bridle rein over his arm and walked beside Patty.
"Tell me," he said, "and don't be

afraid of us. Are you in trouble at home, or were you really only strolling down to the creek?"

Patty glanced up at him, then all around the landscape in the gathering twilight, there was nowhere any sight or sound of her poor little "Aunt Jane." She raised herself on tiptoe and put her soft little hands were exported from China last year. about the colonel's neck and in a whisper asked, "Did you see any-The next minute she was fast thing of an old colored woman with a washtub on her head down by the creek or coming up this way?"

If it hadn't been for the pretty, in-She nocent face and the touch of her litsat up wide awake, her ears full of the fingers on his brown burned neck the sound of riders and horses. It and face, his dignity would have been hard to preserve.

He held her hand in his own and walked along. "Yes-let-me-see," he began, reflecting. "She had on a pink bonnet?"

"She did! She's the very one!" cried Patty.

"And a calico dress," went on the officer, "and she was rather short?" "Yes, yes," cried Patty, "and very good looking."

"Was she?" said the colonel, Well, you see, after the accident I didn't have the chance to observe her as I otherwise might have done."

"The accident?" gasped Patty.
Oh, what accident? Where is he now? Oh, oh!" and Patty was no longer a heroine.

At a quiet signal the officers and men rode on, but the colonel tied his horse to a tree by the roadside, set the troubled, sobbing little girl down on the grass beside him, and then and there they exchanged confidences.

Many a long day of sharp fighting, hard marching and weary soldiering was brightened for the colonel by the memory of the golden haired child and the night spent in the cool, red Virginia manor house. For Patty ended by "inviting him in" as she had planned, where in her mother's absence she presided at the supper table with childish grace. But he did not meet Alech for many years

after-six years it was perhaps. Then he came riding up the avenue again to see Patty. Patty was 18 then and very dazzling in color, her crown of gold making her look even taller than she really was, "with all the knots and pins and royal airs" which set so well above her girlish

in Colonel Hooper's handsome home in New York city there is wealth and beauty and joy, and there is great merriment, too, whenever the young wife's stately brother makes his annual visit, "the hero of the washtub, to whom I am indebted for my little rebel sweetheart," the old officer often laughingly says, introducing him.-Margaret Spencer in St. Louis Republic.

Did Him Injustice. Old Lady-I heard you swearing just now. You have a bad heart. Tramp-You do me injustice, mum. It isn't a bad heart. It's a bad tooth. -New York Weekly.

in the game laws, but you can buy She gathered the calico gown in any amount of grouse on that date if you can afford to pay for it, says the 11th and in the street too. She met a secondhand dealer who traded in everything from mansions to mousetraps. "Oh, Mr. Levy, I was not aware that you sold game. What a beautiful brace of grouse you have in your hand!" "Yes, madam, I sell everything-even my customers sometimes. I should not like it to be known that I was selling grouse before the 12th, but if you don't mind the price you can have them." "I would pay a guinea each for them," she replied. "It is my husband's birthday, and if there is one thing he likes more than another it is grouse." "They are yours, then, at that price." I had this story from Mr. Levy himself. "But where did you get them?" I asked. "At an auction five minutes before. The auctioneer broke the glass case by accident, and as I had bought a lot of rubbish he made me a present of the birds that were inside it-they were stuffed. -San Francisco Ar gonaut.

Early Ideas of Electric Lighting. The great possibilities of electricity for purposes of illumination seem to have dawned in prophecy upon the minds of electricians of the earlier part of the century. Mr. Richard J. Bloxham, manager of the Western Union Telegraph company in this city, has a penchant for collecting old books. Recently he secured a bound volume of the New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette of 1823, and in the number of Aug. 2 of that year found the following para

graph: "Professor Meinach of Halle has just succeeded in producing a brilliant illumination by means of electric light, with the aid of artificial air inclosed in glass tubes. As the electric sparks propagate themselves to infinity the professor thinks it will be possible to light up a whole city with a single electrifying machine, and at a very trifling expense by the adoption of valuable improvements of the apparatus which he has invented.

This statement, made in the time of the venerable tallow candle, seems almost to reflect the light of prophecy. -Baltimore American.

Tea In Bricks. The export of brick tea from China to Russia overland is considerable. A new form, termed tablet tea, has been introduced of late years. It is made of the finer kinds of tea dust compressed into small cakes like the well known chocolate menier cakes. Over 1,000,000 pounds of this article



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